NEW X-MEN®

RIOT AT XAVIER'S PART ONE

MARVEL®
PG 135

MORRISON
QUITELY
TOWNSEND

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Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom. Homo superior.

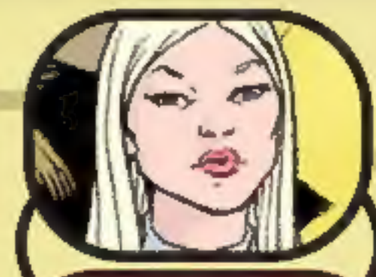
Stan Lee presents...

THE X-MEN

BEAST
Dr. Henry McCoy
Super Strength/
Agility

CYCLOPS
Scott Summers
Optic Blasts

PHEONIX
Jean
Grey-Summers
Telepath/
Telekinetic



WHITE QUEEN
Emma Frost
Telepath/
Diamond Skin

WOLVERINE
Logan
Healing/
Adamantium
Claws

XORN
Identity
Unknown
Healer

PREVIOUSLY

The X-Men, a group of heroes with strange and amazing mutant powers, are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. They have been called together by their mentor, PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, to search the globe for mutants who may be in need of guidance, and to promote unity between humans and mutantkind.

Currently, there's trouble brewing at the Xavier Institute, a school founded to teach young mutants how to use their powers responsibly. With X-Men BEAST, CYCLOPS, JEAN GREY, EMMA FROST, and WOLVERINE now gathered on campus, there has been growing concern about some of the students. One of the newest X-Men, XORN – a healer who before coming to Xavier's was imprisoned in China – has been chosen to teach a special class for some of the Institute's more difficult students. But there seem to be even worse young students to worry about...

After the mutant fashion designer and club entrepreneur Jumbo Carnation is murdered by a gang of humans in the Mutant Town section of lower Manhattan, some students become disillusioned with Professor Xavier's dream of Utopia. And as Open Day rapidly approaches – the first time the school will open itself to both mutants and humans alike – not all students are taking the idea of unity with humankind lightly.

One such student is the Xavier Institute's most promising young pupil, an Omega-level telepath named Quentin Quire. Having just learned he was adopted, and in the midst of what may be secondary mutation, Quentin has decided that everything in the world is a lie. Now, with a growing habit for a new drug called Kick, Quentin Quire is quickly becoming more powerful than the X-Men could ever imagine...

THE OMEGA GANG

KID OMEGA
Quentin Quire
Omega-Level
Telepath

GLOB HERMAN
Jelly Grip

RADIAN
Light Blasts

REDNECK
Radiant Hands

TATTOO
Chameleon Skin

THE SPECIAL CLASS

ANGEL
Wings, Flight

BASILISK
Strobe Pulse

BEAK
Wings, Flight

DUMMY
Gaseous Form

ERNST
Super Strength

MARTHA
JOHANSSON
Mutant Brain

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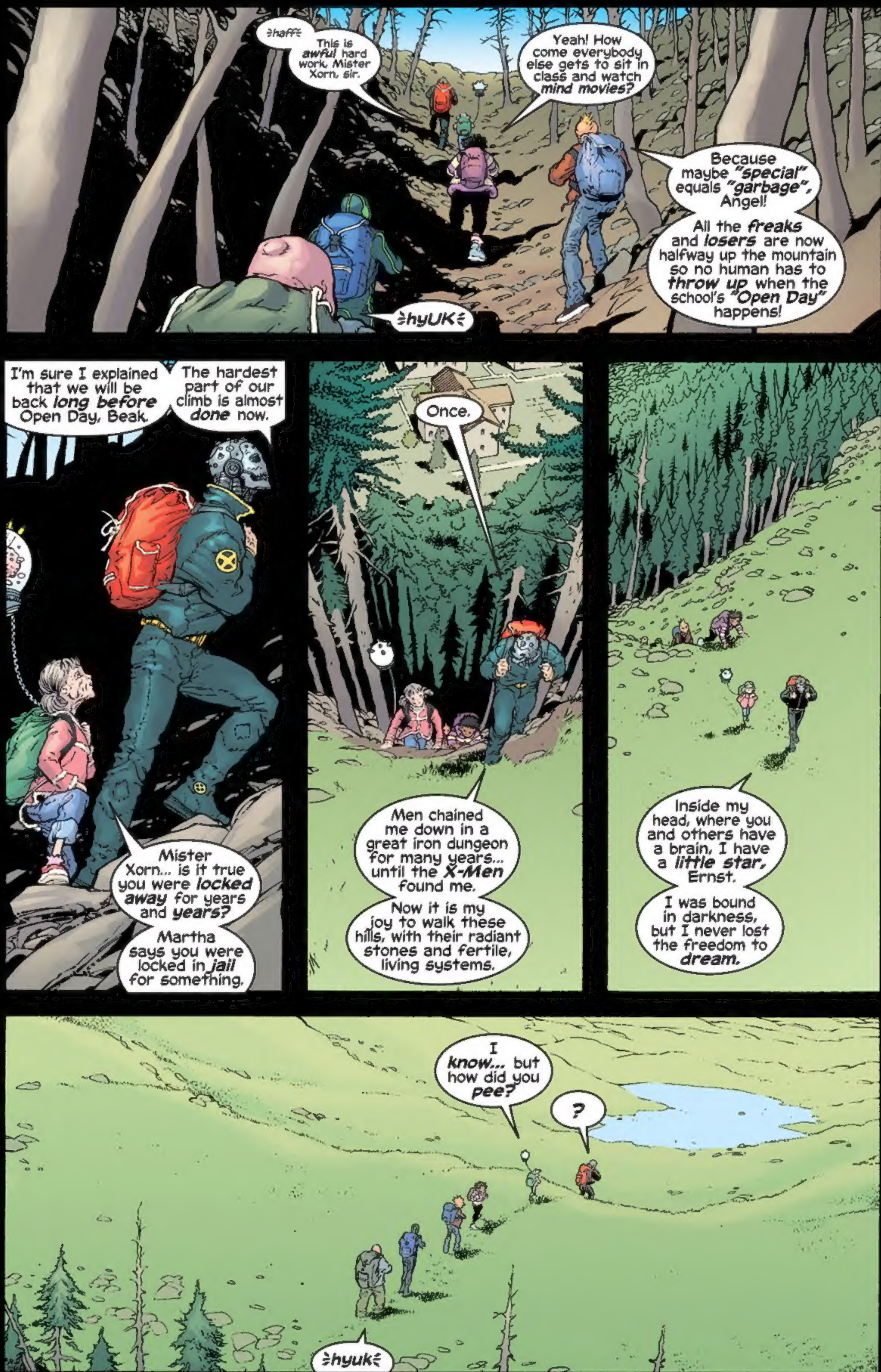
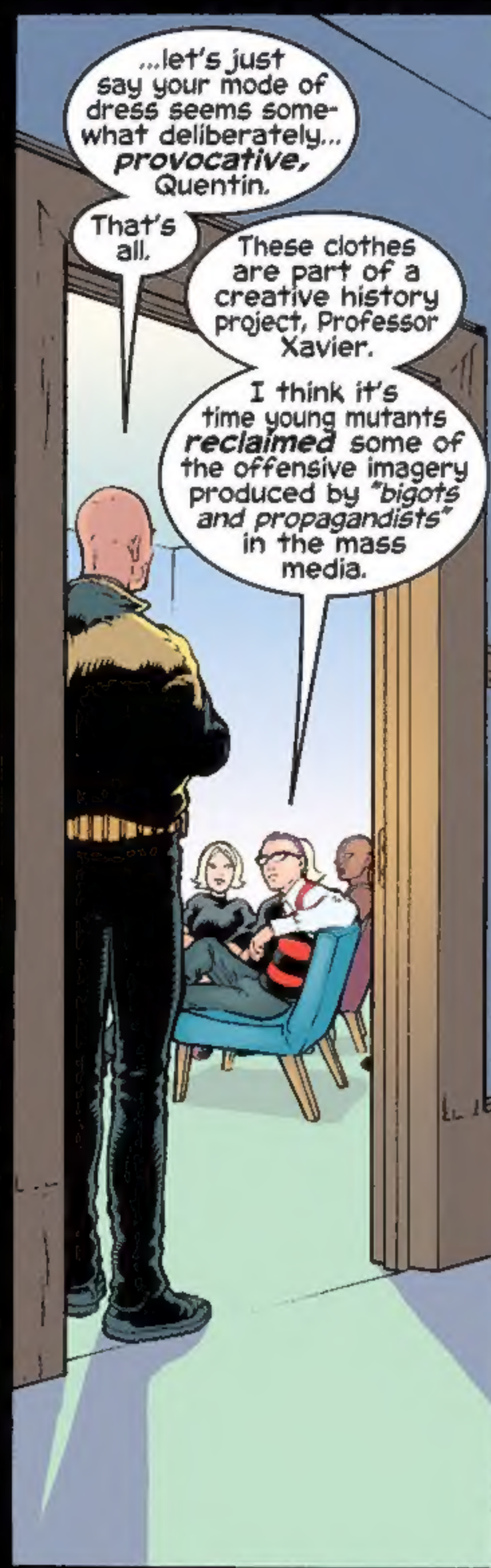
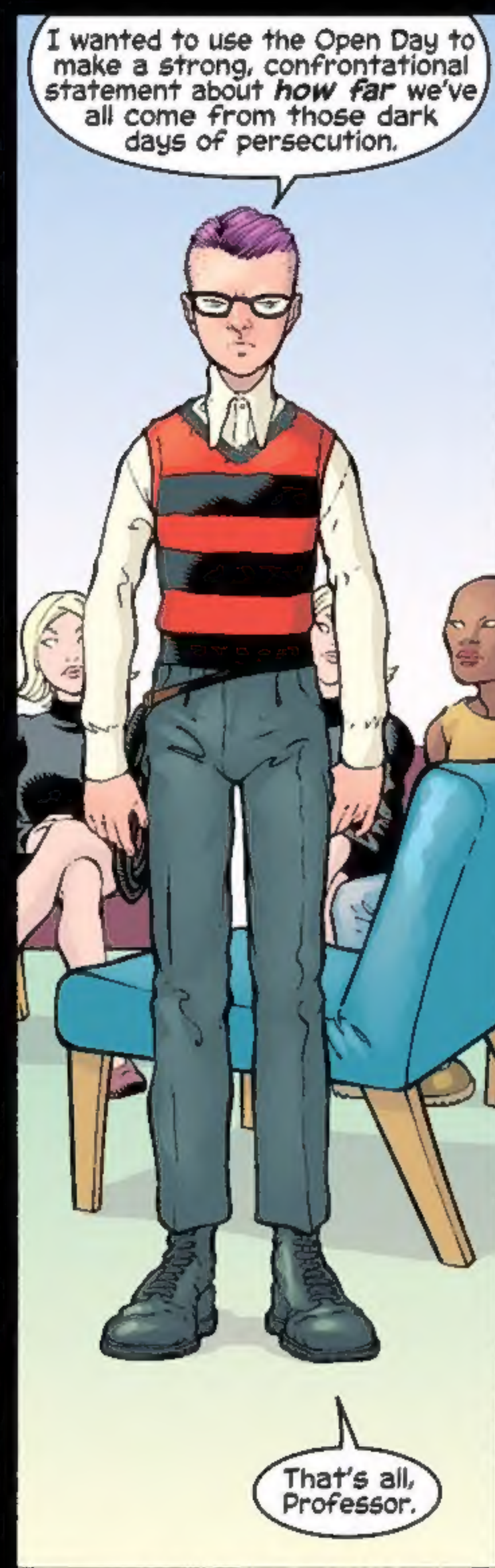
THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING

teaching children about fractals

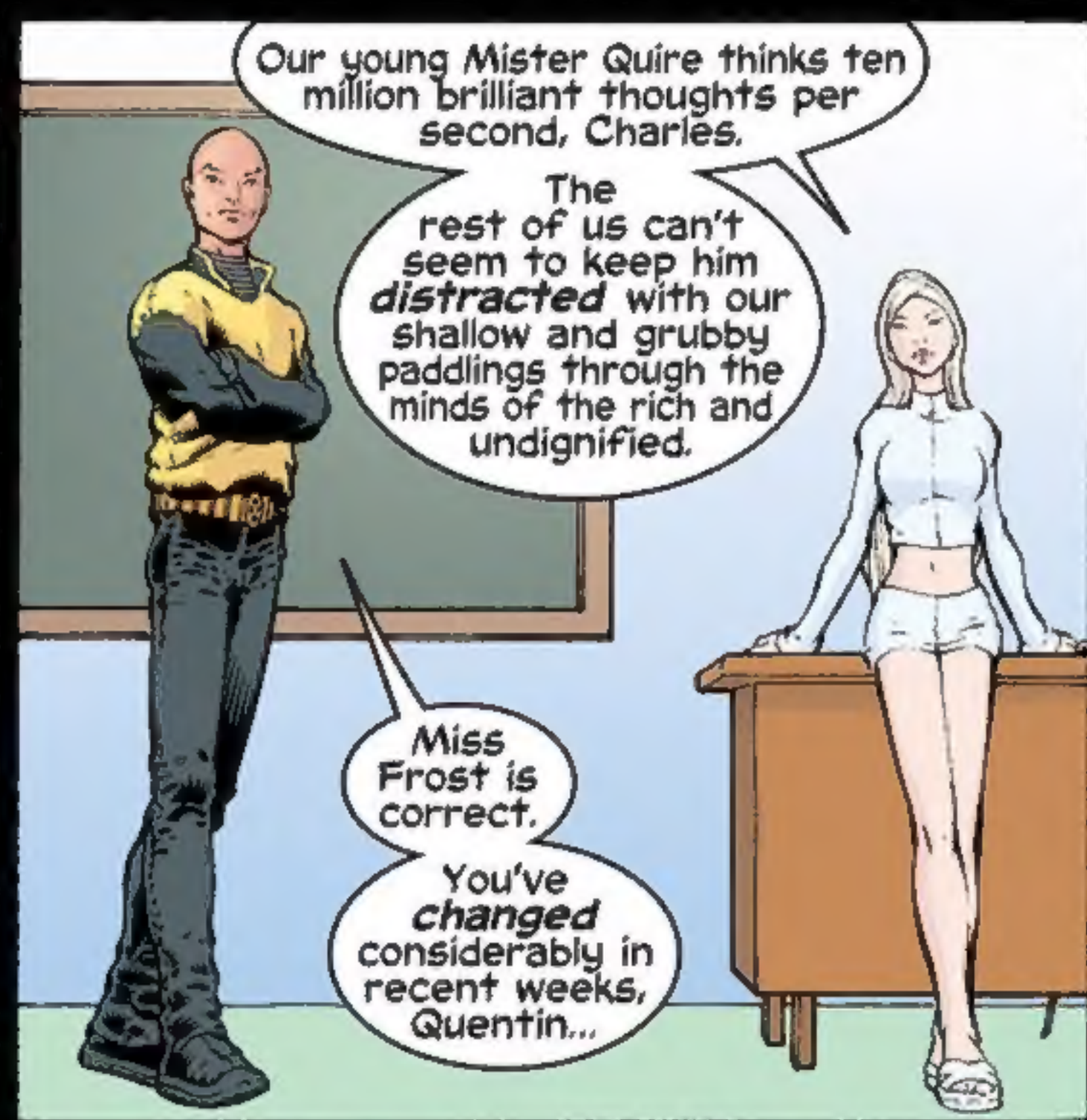

hafff
This is awful hard work, Mister Xorn, sir.
Yeah! How come everybody else gets to sit in class and watch mind movies?
Because maybe "special" equals "garbage", Angel!
All the freaks and losers are now halfway up the mountain so no human has to throw up when the school's "Open Day" happens!
hyUK
I'm sure I explained that we will be back long before Open Day, Beak.
The hardest part of our climb is almost done now.
Mister Xorn... is it true you were locked away for years and years?
Martha says you were locked in jail for something.
Once.
Men chained me down in a great iron dungeon for many years... until the X-Men found me.
Now it is my joy to walk these hills, with their radiant stones and fertile, living systems.
Inside my head, where you and others have a brain, I have a little star, Ernst.
I was bound in darkness, but I never lost the freedom to dream.
I know... but how did you pee?
?
hyuk

BACK AT XAVIER'S





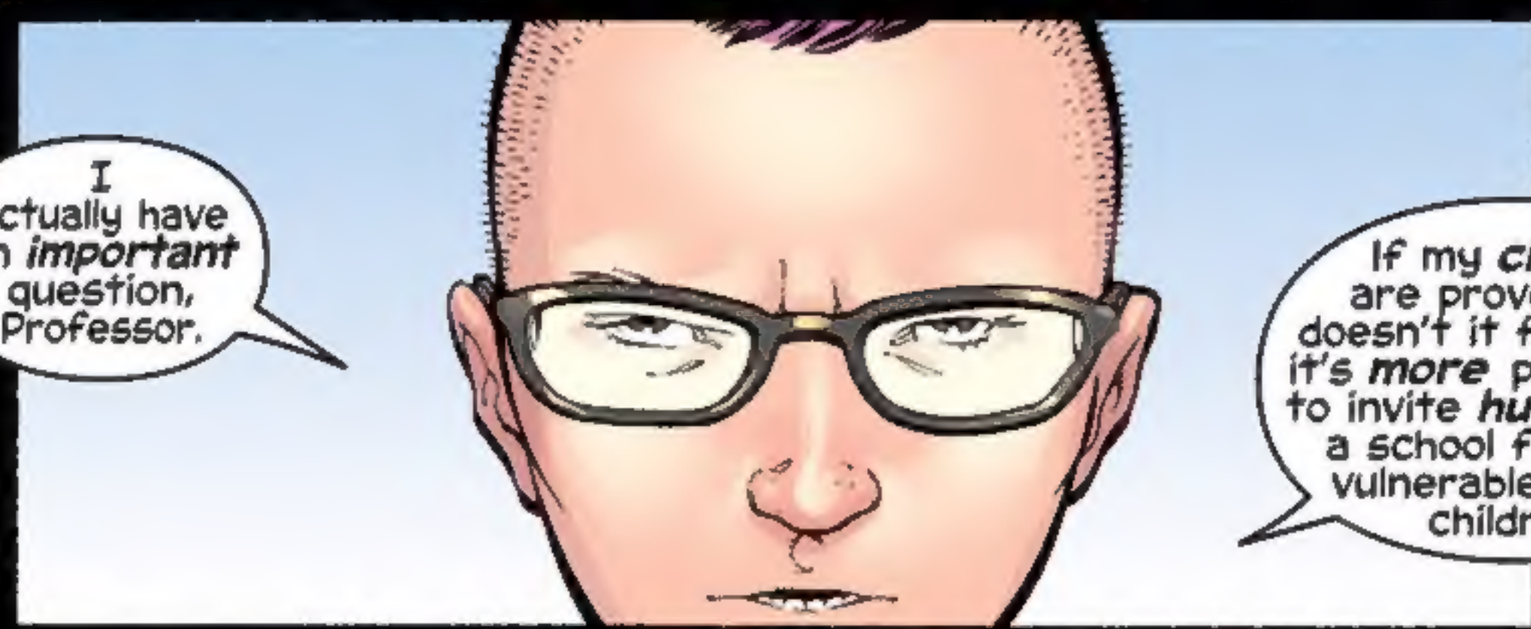
Yes.
Your look certainly has the desired *effect,* Quentin.
Where possible, however, we prefer to examine *non-*confrontational pathways.


Our young Mister Quire thinks ten million brilliant thoughts per second, Charles.
The rest of us can't seem to keep him *distracted* with our shallow and grubby paddlings through the minds of the rich and undignified.
Miss Frost is correct.
You've *changed* considerably in recent weeks, Quentin...

But isn't change the *point* of our education here? Butterflies from caterpillars and all that old stuff from your very *first* lecture?
All I've done is see things from a higher perspective, sir.
All I've done is *grow up* a little.

And we're all very proud of you.
However, in three days time, the Institute is opening its doors to humans and mutants *alike* and I'd prefer to *avoid* confrontational statements.
But that's actually *not* why I stopped by...

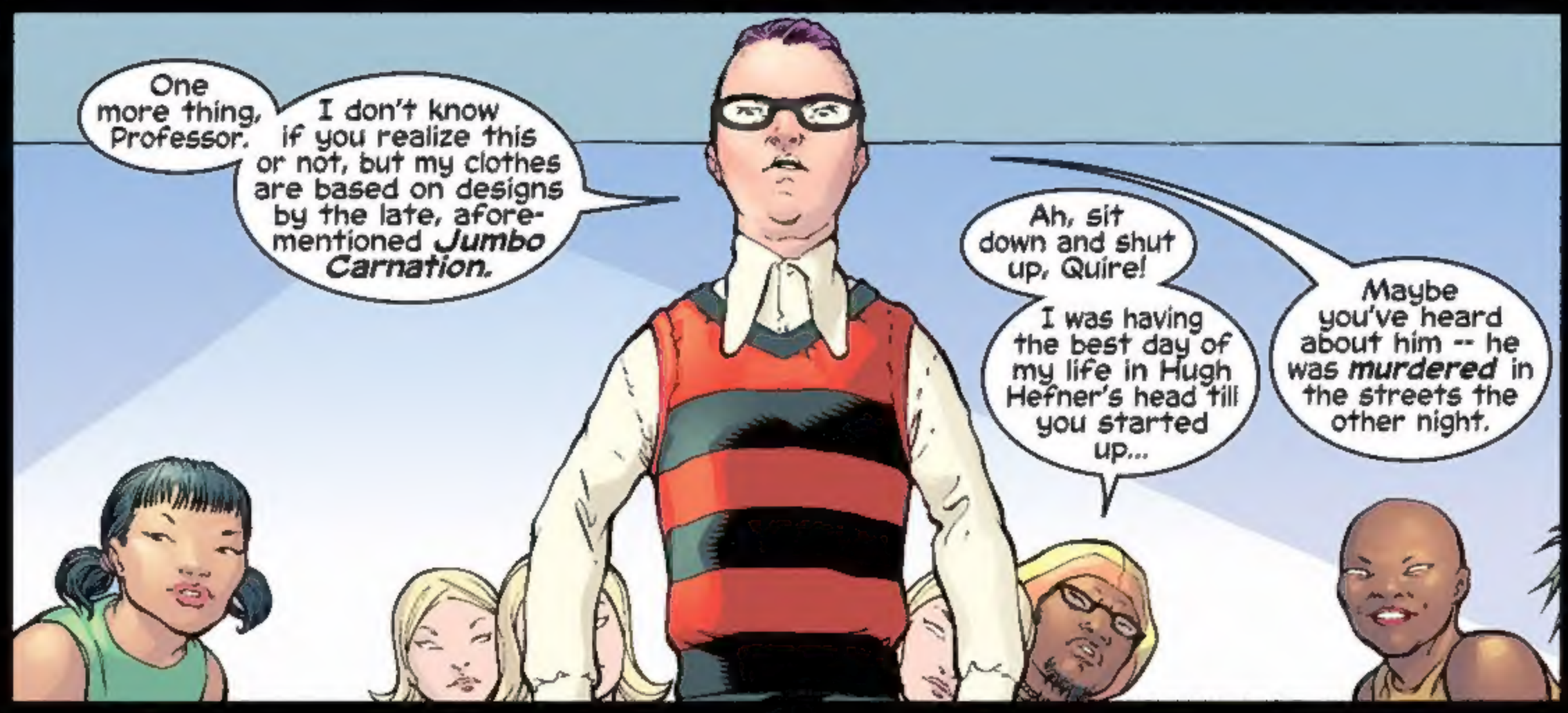
This is. Own up.
The Professor wants to know if any of you naughty Bohemian boys and girls have been *"on the puff",* as they say in the local discos.


This is ridiculous.
I actually have an *important* question, Professor.
If my *clothes* are provocative, doesn't it follow that it's *more* provocative to invite *humans* into a school filled with vulnerable mutant children?

Didn't humans provide the weapons which just killed *sixteen million* of our people in Genosha?
Didn't they just *murder* one of our greatest artists, *Jumbo Carnation?*
We live under *constant threat.*
Miss Frost, please...

This is an *immediate* threat to all of us, Quentin.
I'm not here to tell you or anyone else what to do, but we have reason to believe the stimulant known as *"Kick"* is *neuro-toxic.*
Using these inhalers may irreparably *damage* the mutant X-Gene.

Arm yourselves with information.
Please *think* before you act.

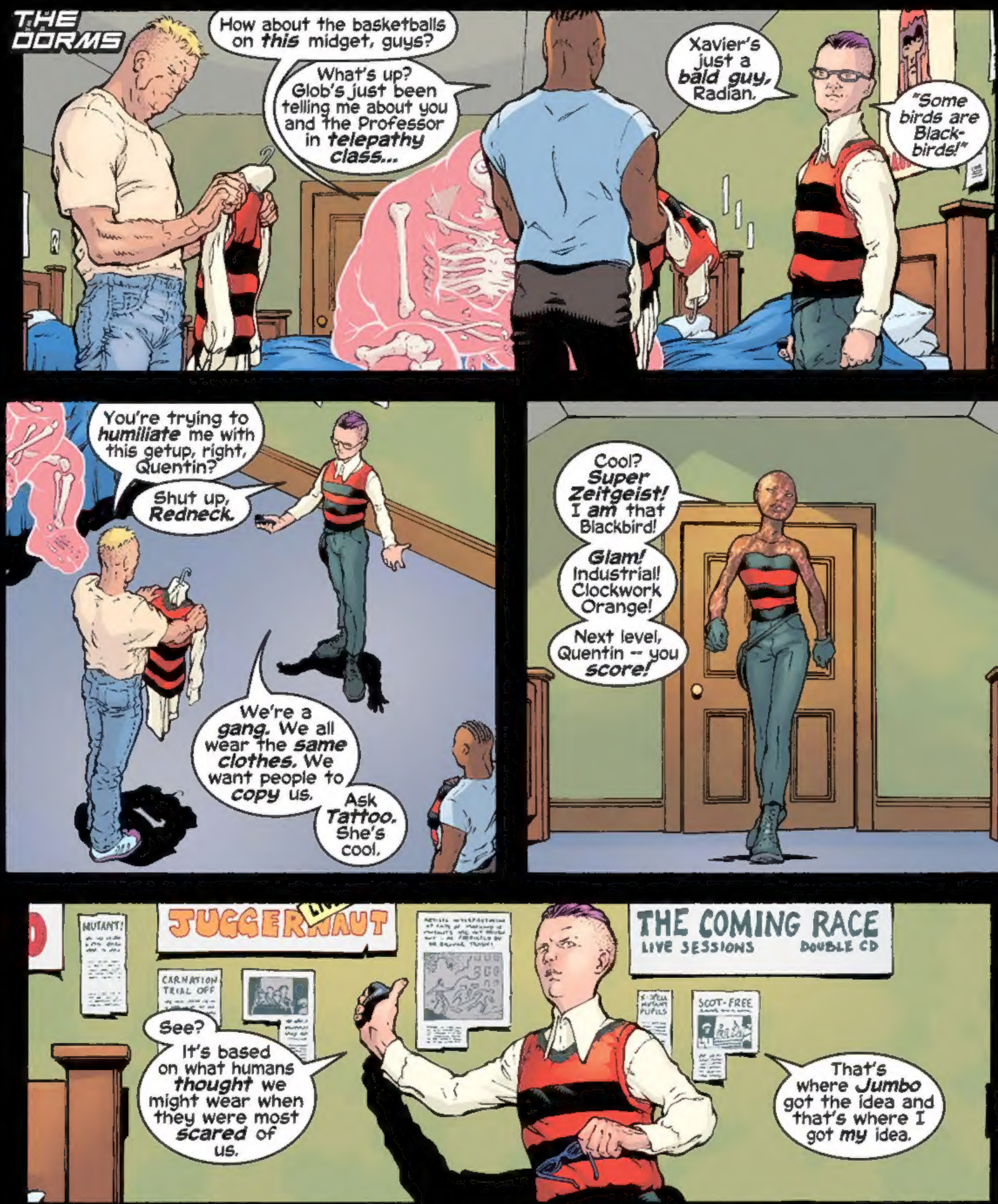

One more thing, Professor.
I don't know if you realize this or not, but my clothes are based on designs by the late, aforementioned *Jumbo Carnation.*
Ah, sit down and shut up, Quire!
I was having the best day of my life in Hugh Hefner's head till you started up...
Maybe you've heard about him -- he was *murdered* in the streets the other night.

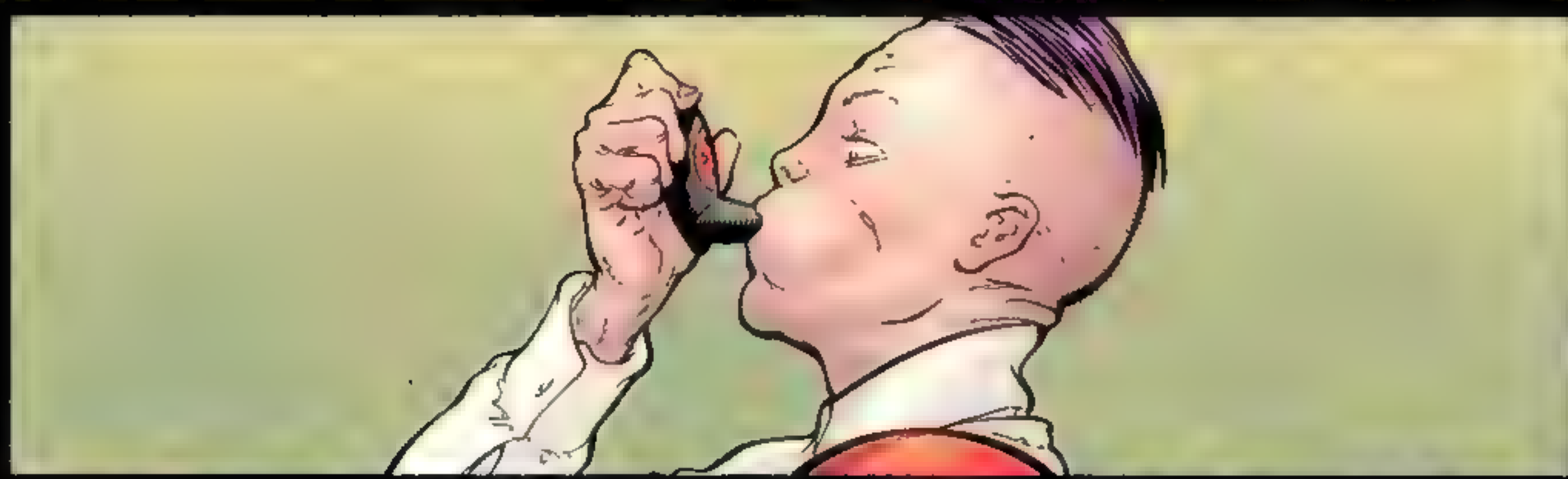
Jumbo dreamed of seeing *mutant models* on the Paris fashion catwalks. He dreamed of having his talent *accepted.*
Just like *I* dream of a world where I don't have to live side by side with his human *murderers!*

Just because some birds are irrefutably *black...* it does not follow that *all* birds are *blackbirds.*
You are falling into logical error, Mister Quire.

I was just *testing.*
I'm only playing *devil's advocate,* Professor.
You've always encouraged us to *dream...*

...I just wondered what would happen if one of us had a dream you *didn't like?*

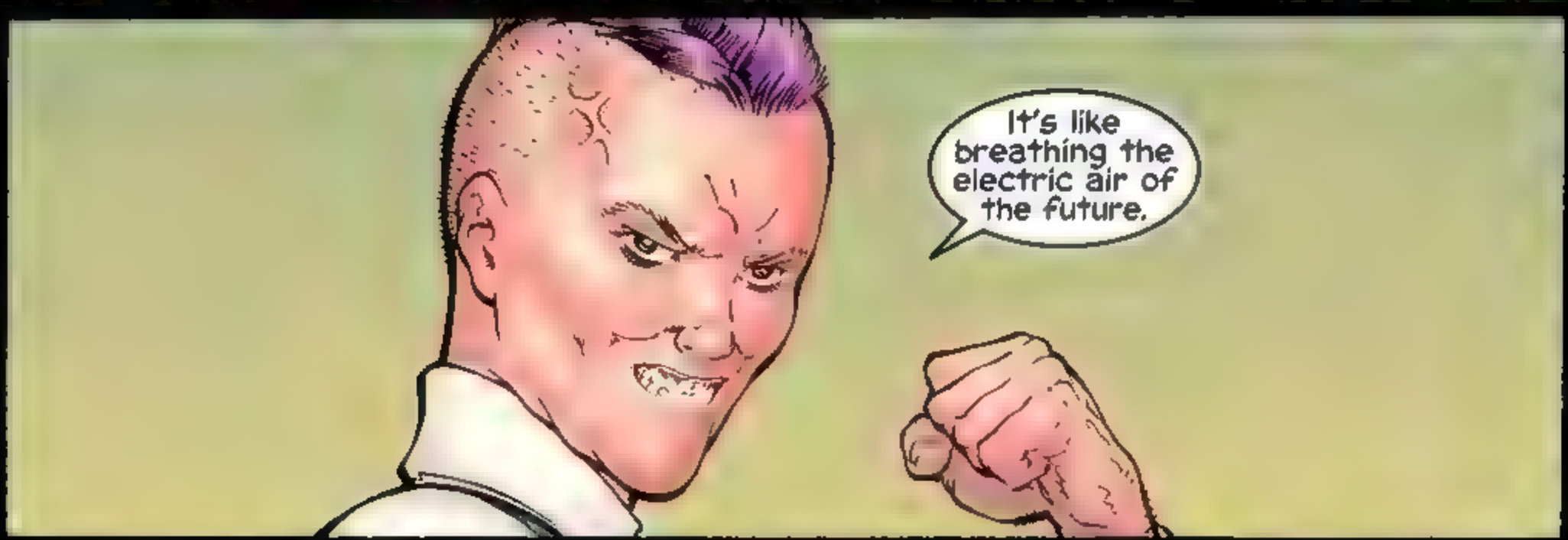

THE DORMS
How about the basketballs on *this* midget, guys?
What's up? Glob's just been telling me about you and the Professor in *telepathy class...*
Xavier's just a *bald guy,* Radian.
"Some birds are Black-birds!"
You're trying to *humiliate* me with this getup, right, Quentin?
Shut up, *Redneck.*
We're a *gang.* We all wear the *same clothes.* We want people to *copy* us.
Ask *Tattoo.* She's cool.
Cool? *Super Zeitgeist!* I *am* that Blackbird!
Glam! Industrial! Clockwork Orange!
Next level, Quentin -- you *score!*
MUTANT!
JUGGERNAUT
CARNATION TRIAL OFF
THE COMING RACE
LIVE SESSIONS
DOUBLE CD
SCOT-FREE
See? It's based on what humans *thought* we might wear when they were most *scared* of us.
That's where *Jumbo* got the idea and that's where I got *my* idea.
ARTIST'S INTERPRETATI
OF FATE OF MANKIND I
MUTANTS ARE NOT DRI
OUT -- AS PREDICTE
DR. BOLIVAR TRASK
THE C
SESSI
We're going ahead with this, all right?
We have to make people *scared* again.
X-SPELL MUTANT
SC



Whuuu...
Lasts for five hours. One puff enhances your mutant talent up to *five* times.
Gimme that!

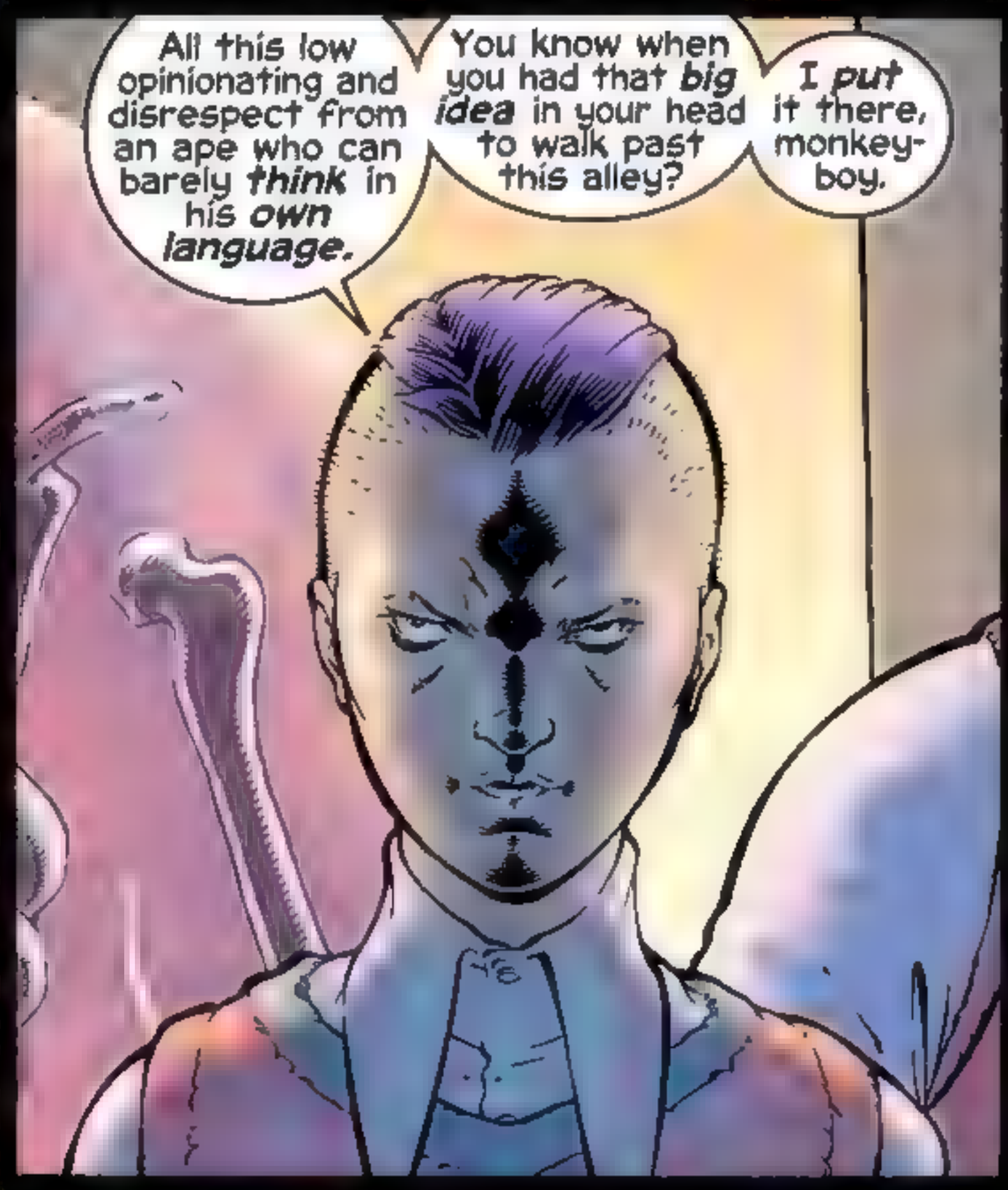
What's it *like?*
I never *done* anything like this before...
It rots your *X-Gene* and kills you *dead,* brother Radian!

Yeah, right.
Let me at it.
What's it *like...?*

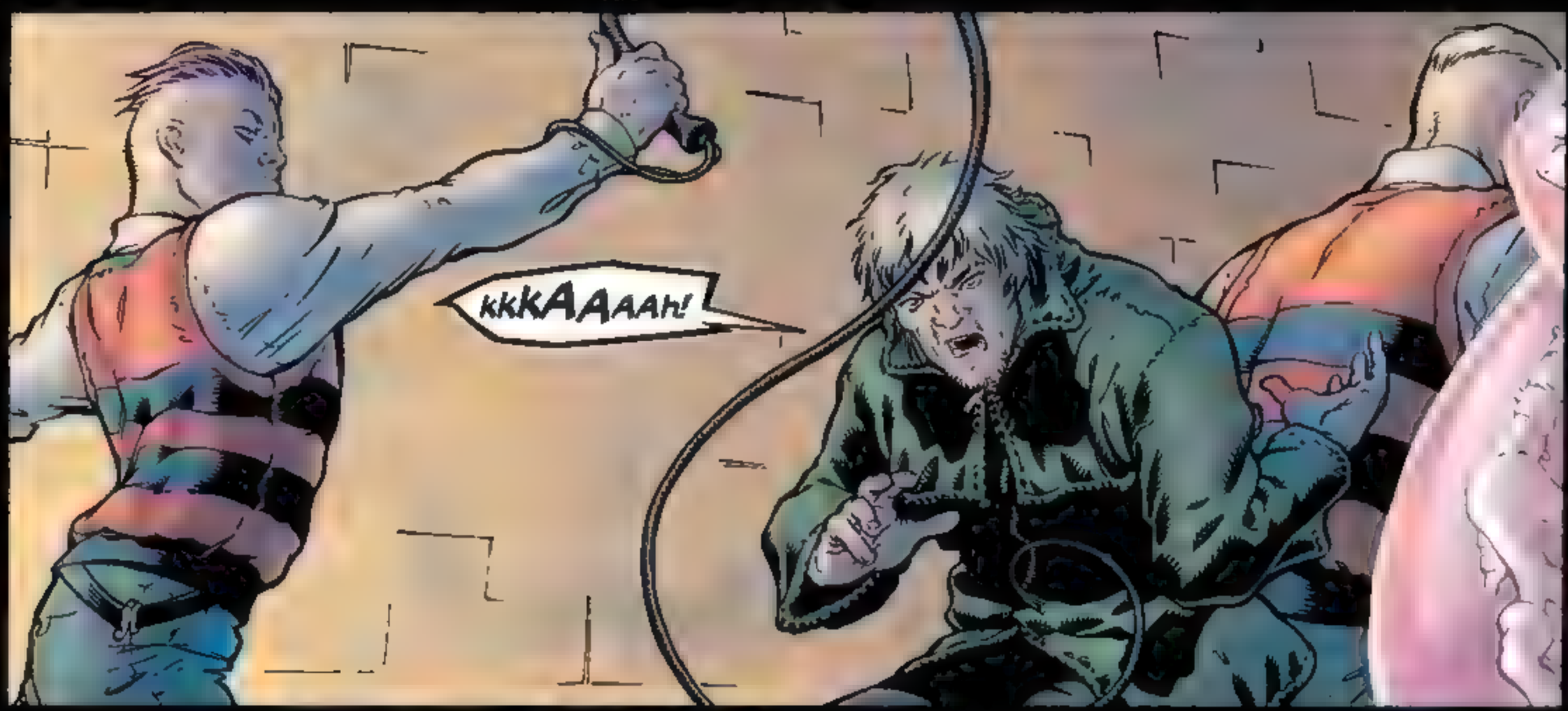

It's like breathing the electric air of the future.

MUTANT TOWN, NYC

What we looking at?
HEY, mutant scumboy!
Check 'em out!


All this low opinionating and disrespect from an ape who can barely think in his own language.
You know when you had that big idea in your head to walk past this alley?
I put it there, monkey-boy.

Come on, then.
When you're all buried, we'll bulldoze your houses and call it Mutantville.
You're DEEEADD!!


kkkAAAAh!

Feel *that,* eh?
That's a full-on *six bar* electric heater!
You *feel* that?
HUUUH

shh!
It's a *heart attack,* baby.
shhh...

For *Jumbo.*

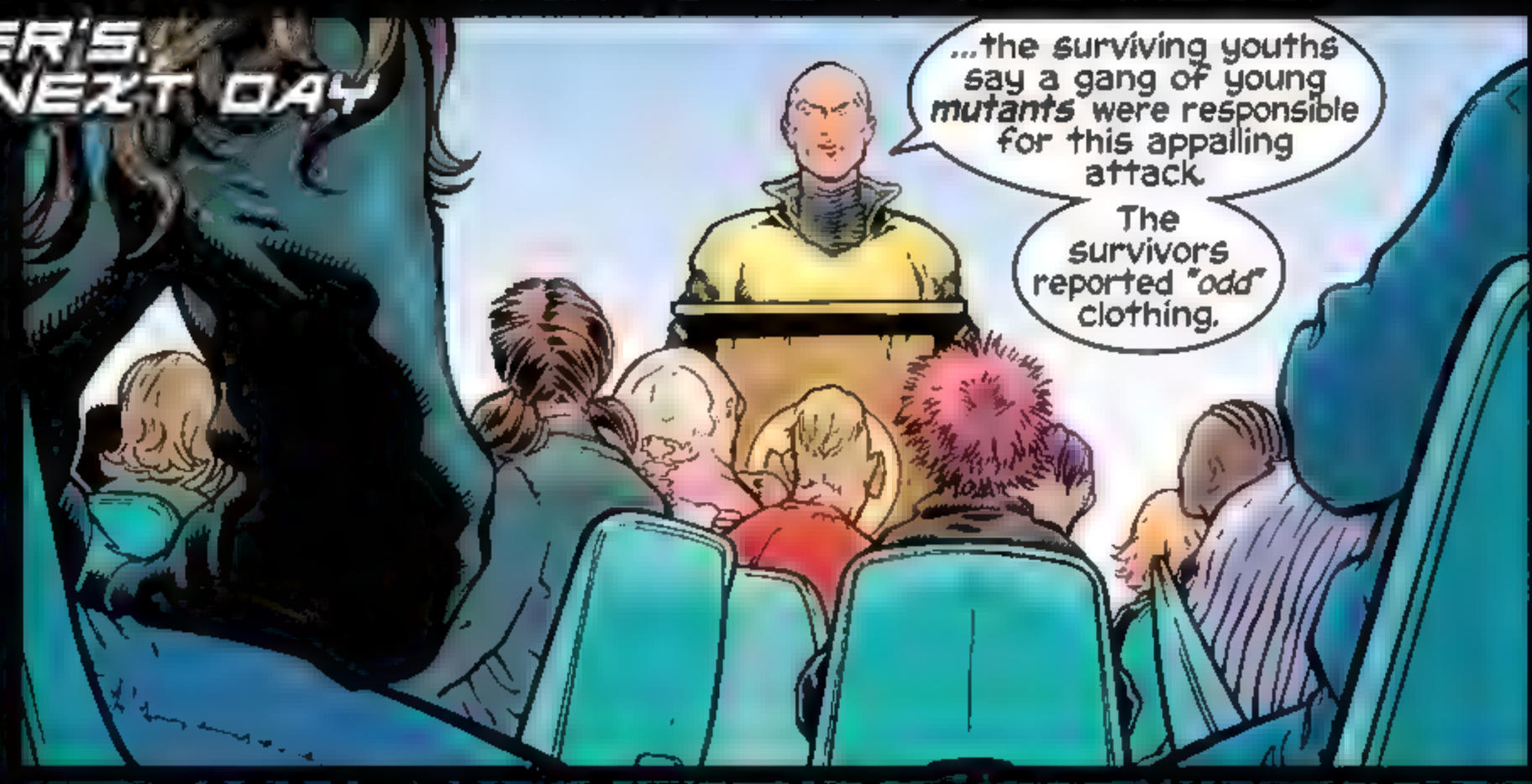
mrrrmmbbll...

W-what did you *do* to this guy, Quentin?
What did we just *do*?
Everything's in blue and white...

I carved my *name* right across his *memory.*
Quentin! Me and you...

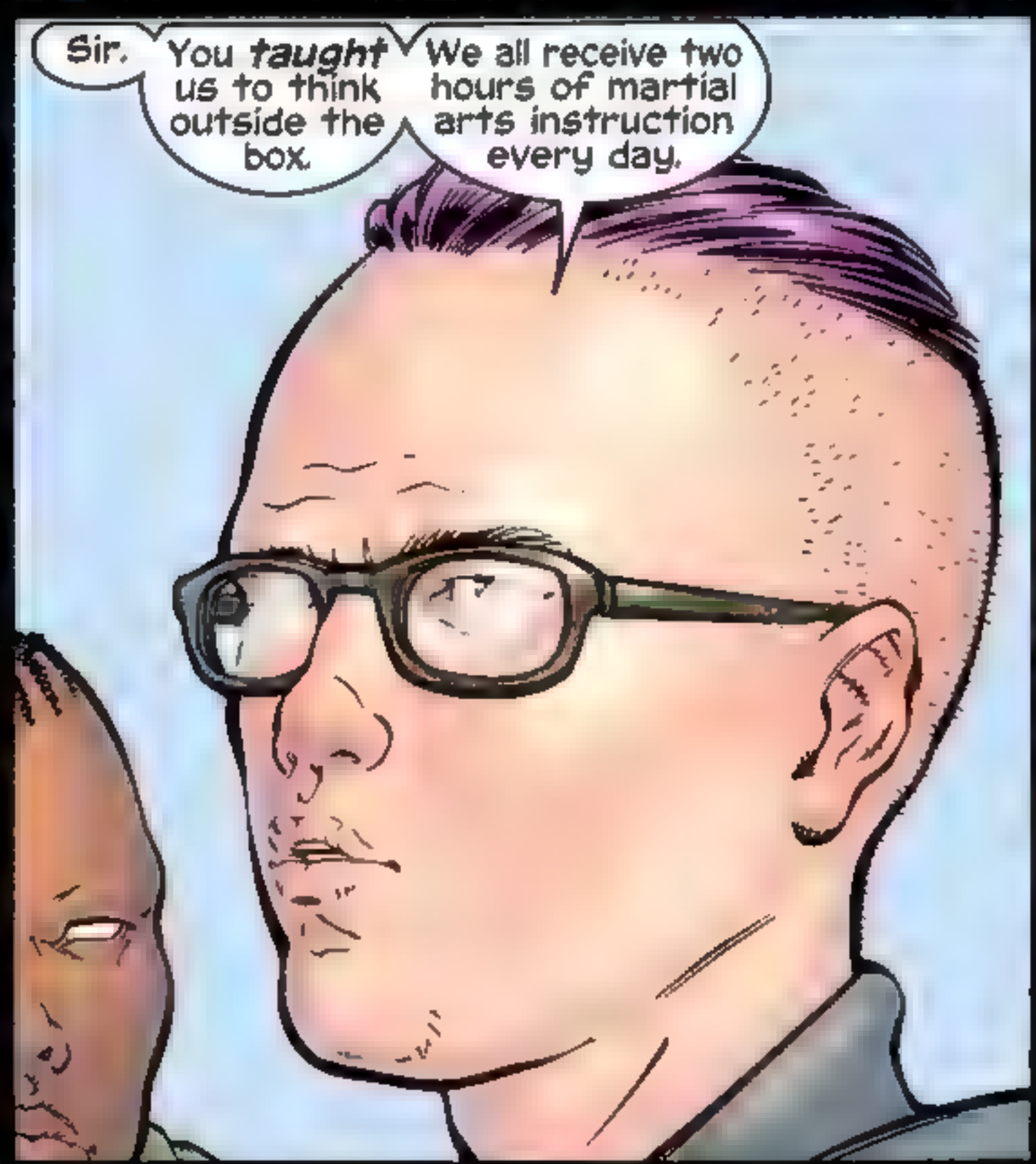
...wanna go some-where *warm,* brother?
You mean like *Hell?*
We've only just got *started,* Tattoo.
We avenged *one* mutant with *sixteen million* to go.

That's more than just a five hour trip...

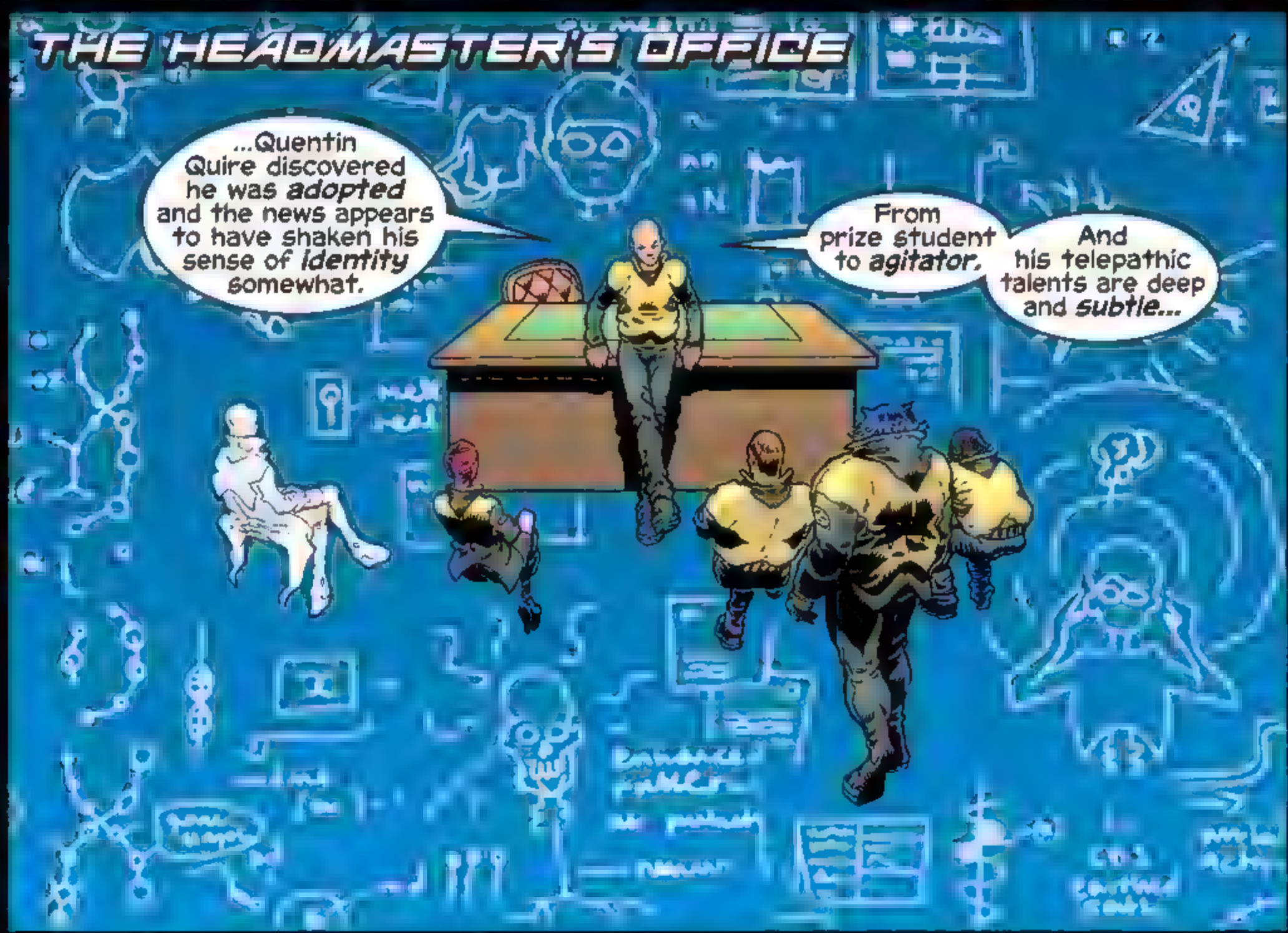

XAVIER'S, THE NEXT DAY
...the surviving youths say a gang of young *mutants* were responsible for this appalling attack.
The survivors reported *"odd"* clothing.

Striped shirts.
I know how some of you feel about this *"Jumbo Carnation"* case, but the Xavier Institute does *not* tolerate vigilante assaults.

The aura of *unrest* in the school is becoming unacceptable.
Certain fashion items will no longer be *welcome* here.

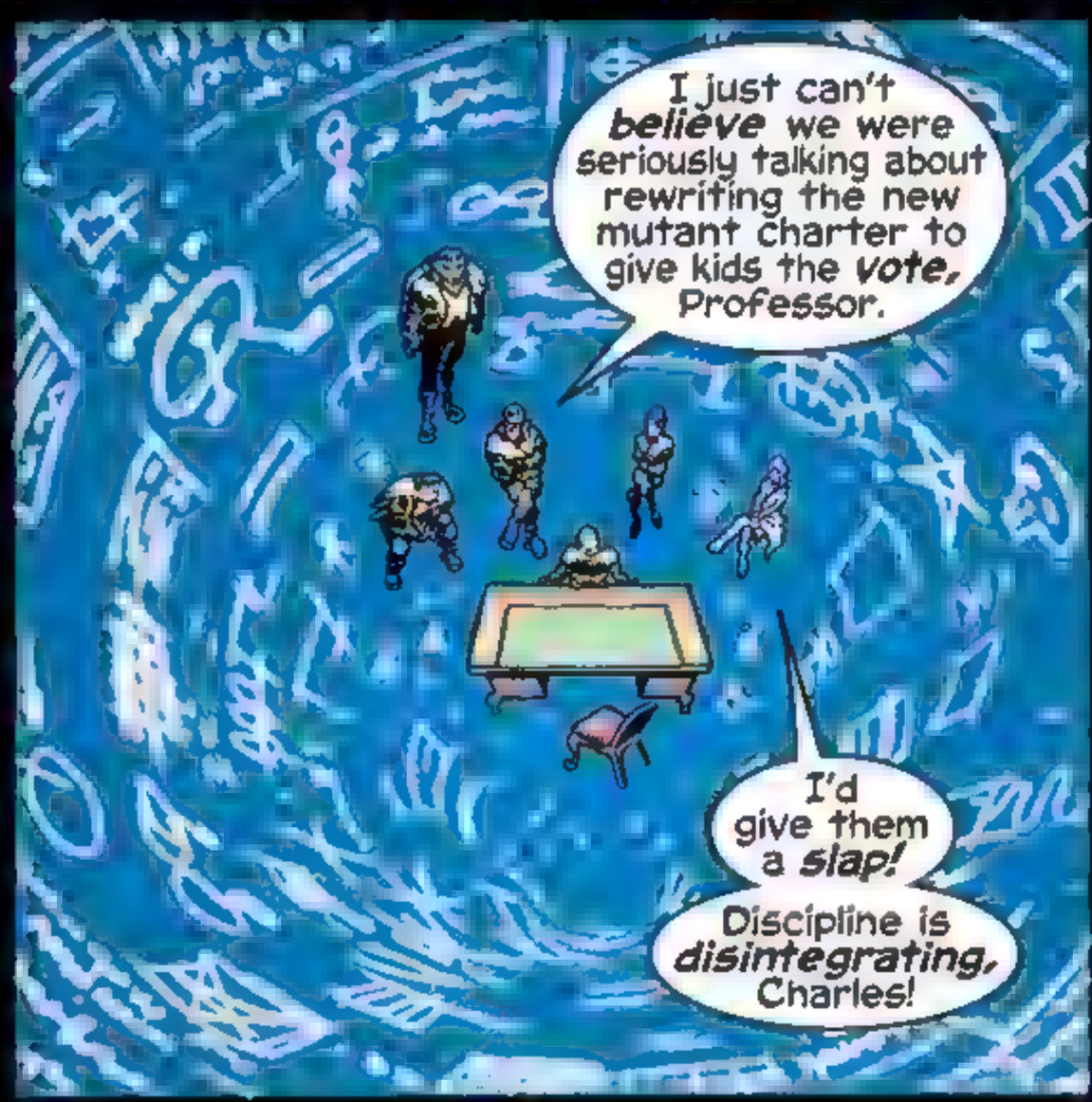

Sir.
You *taught* us to think outside the box.
We all receive two hours of martial arts instruction every day.

Surely we can be trusted to *express* ourselves without hurting anyone?
MAGNETO WAS RIGHT


THE HEADMASTER'S OFFICE
...Quentin Quire discovered he was *adopted* and the news appears to have shaken his sense of *identity* somewhat.
From prize student to *agitator*.
And his telepathic talents are deep and *subtle*...

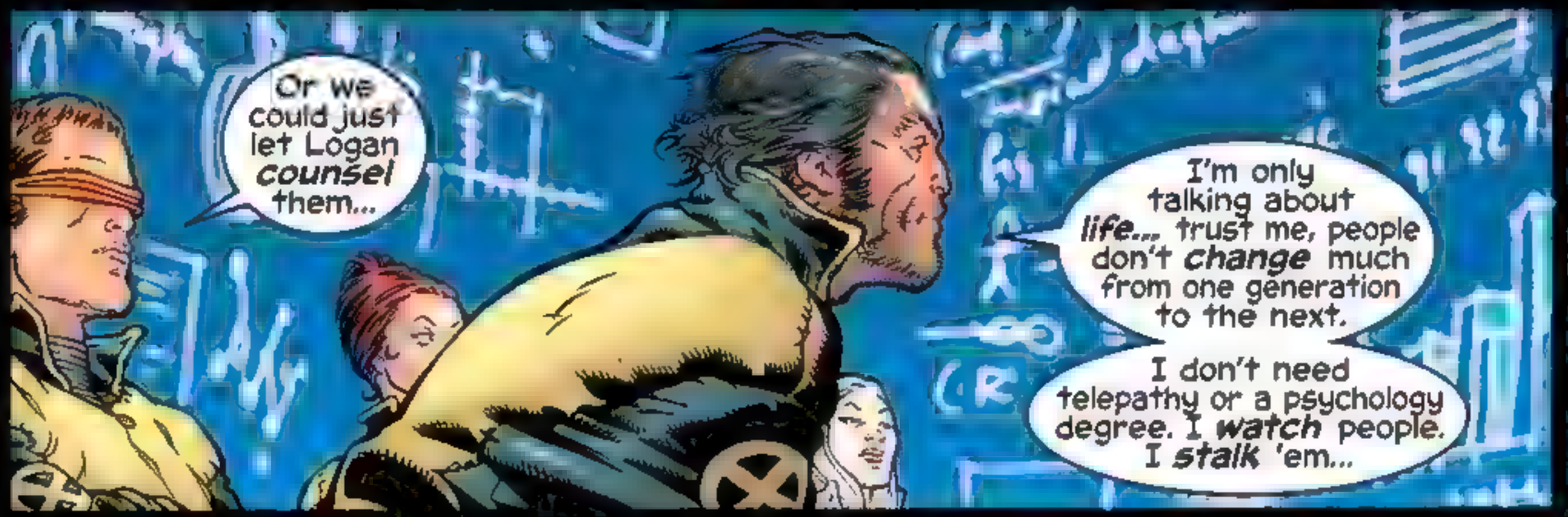
...he's able to *influence* minds around him.
These clothes, the angry slogans, are just the *outward* signs... he's developing a small *cult following*.
With a dangerous *anti-human* undercurrent.

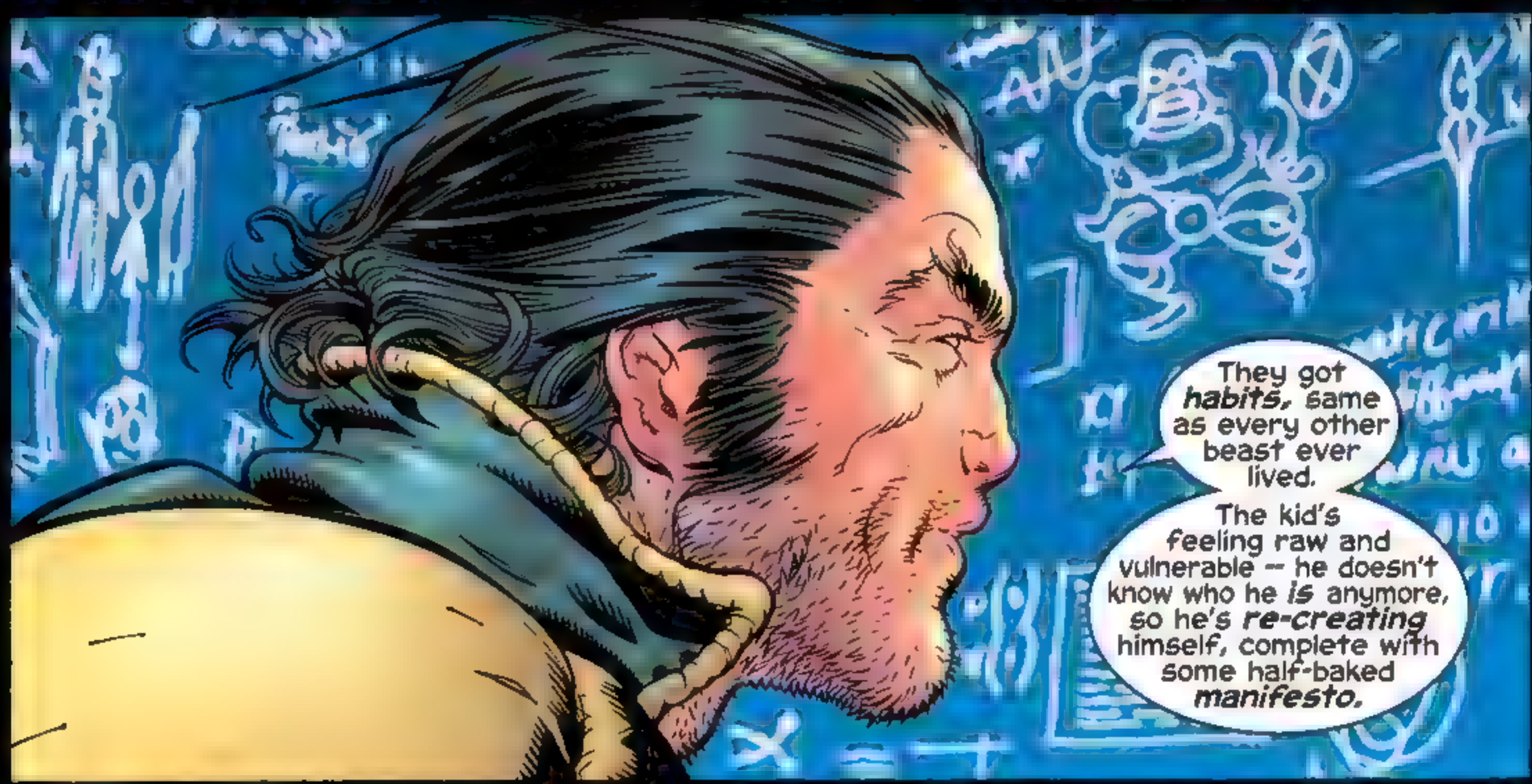
If any of our students were found to be *involved* in these latest killings...
I've always *feared* something like this -- trouble from *within*.
Yes, Scott?

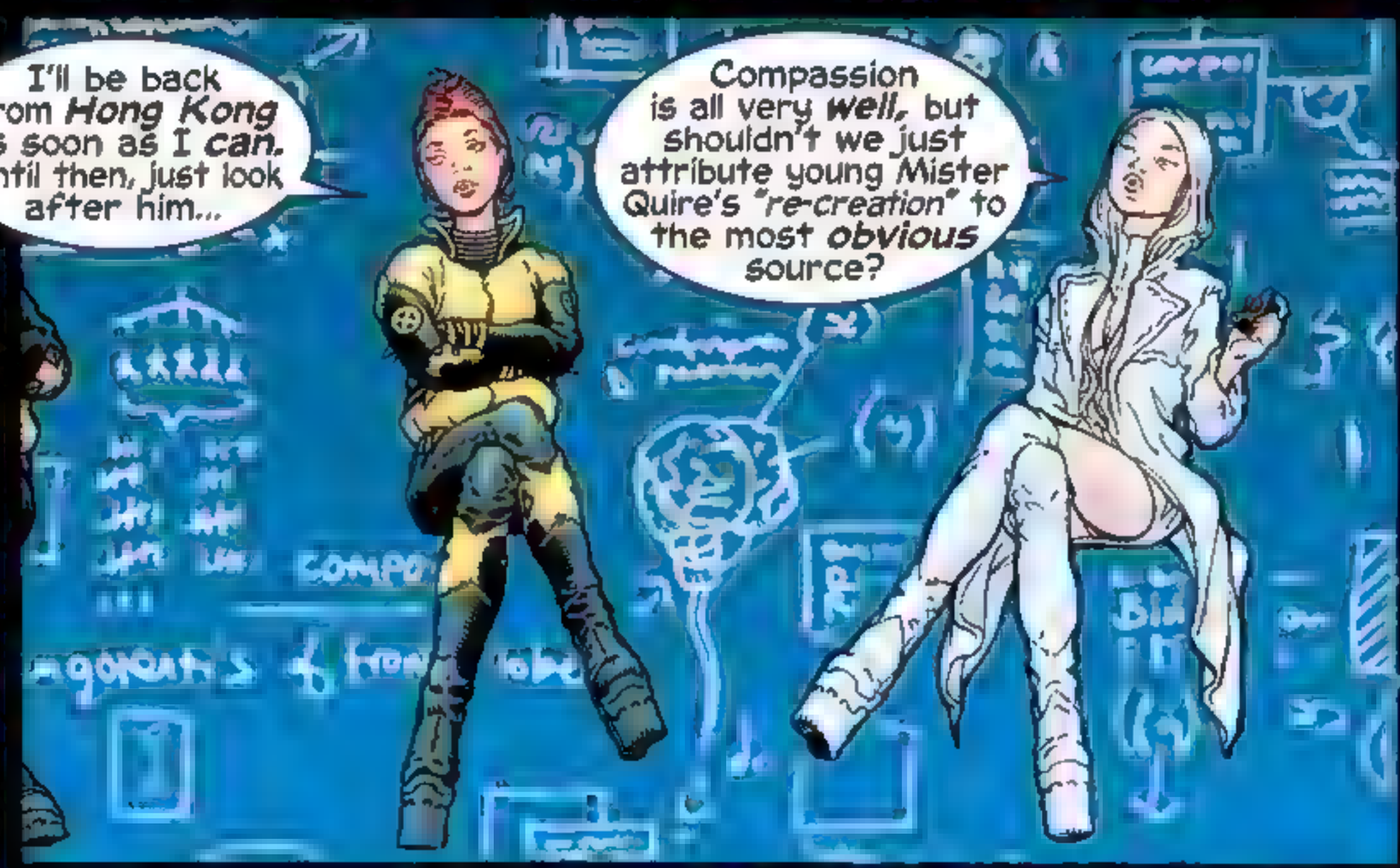

I just can't *believe* we were seriously talking about rewriting the new mutant charter to give kids the *vote,* Professor.
I'd give them a *slap!*
Discipline is *disintegrating,* Charles!

The kids're just testing their *limits.*
You want my advice? You *contain* the damage, you wait until they grow *out* of it, and you *don't* act like a jerk.

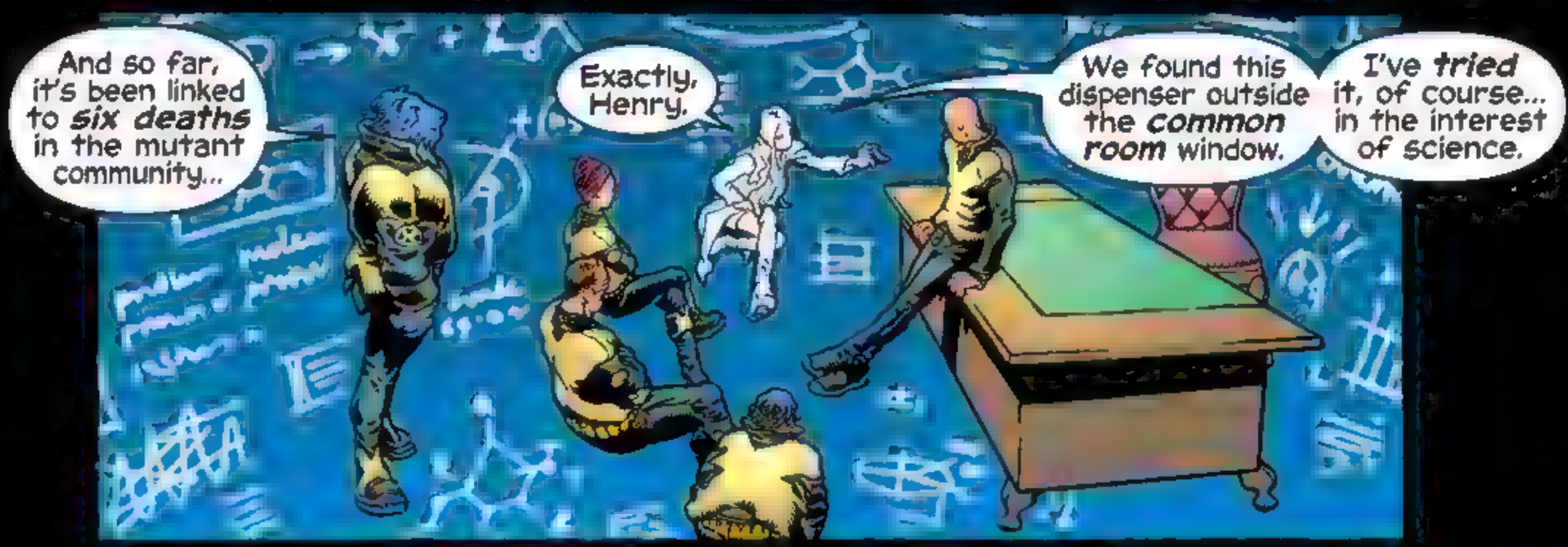
Maybe, Logan. But I'm concerned we could be watching the birth of a *super-criminal* right before our eyes.
Children *need* rules. They need role models and *limits* before they can rebel.
They'll have no respect for us if we just let them do whatever they *want.*

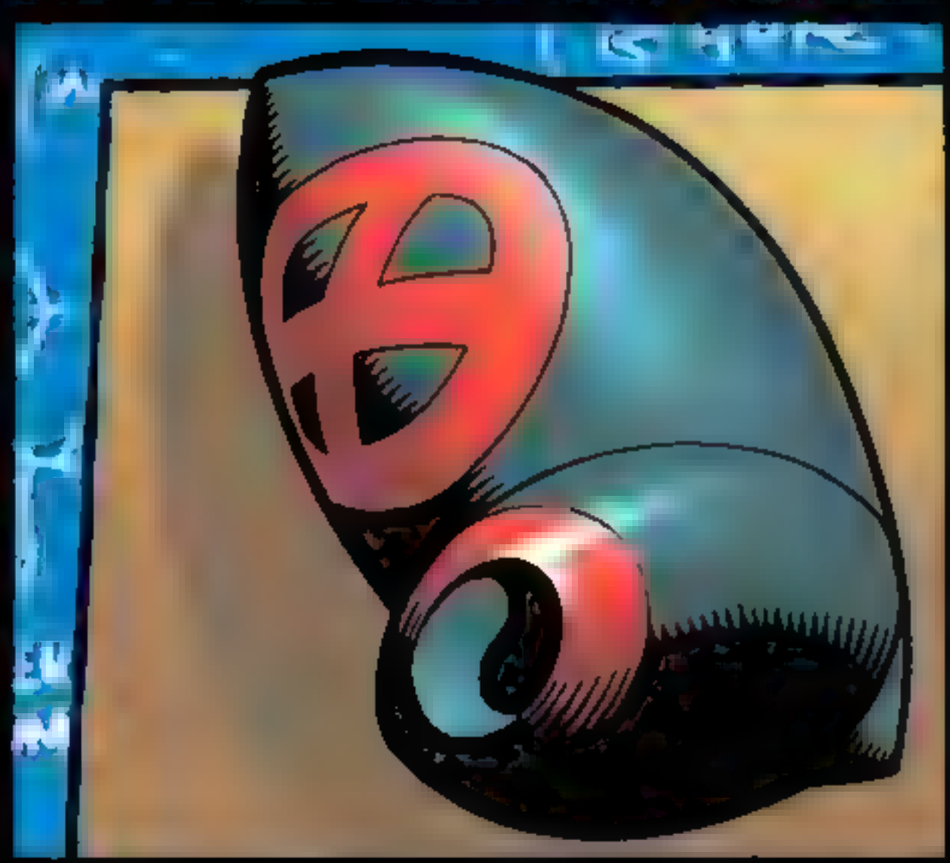

Or we could just let Logan *counsel* them...
I'm only talking about *life...* trust me, people don't *change* much from one generation to the next.
I don't need telepathy or a psychology degree. I *watch* people. I *stalk* 'em...

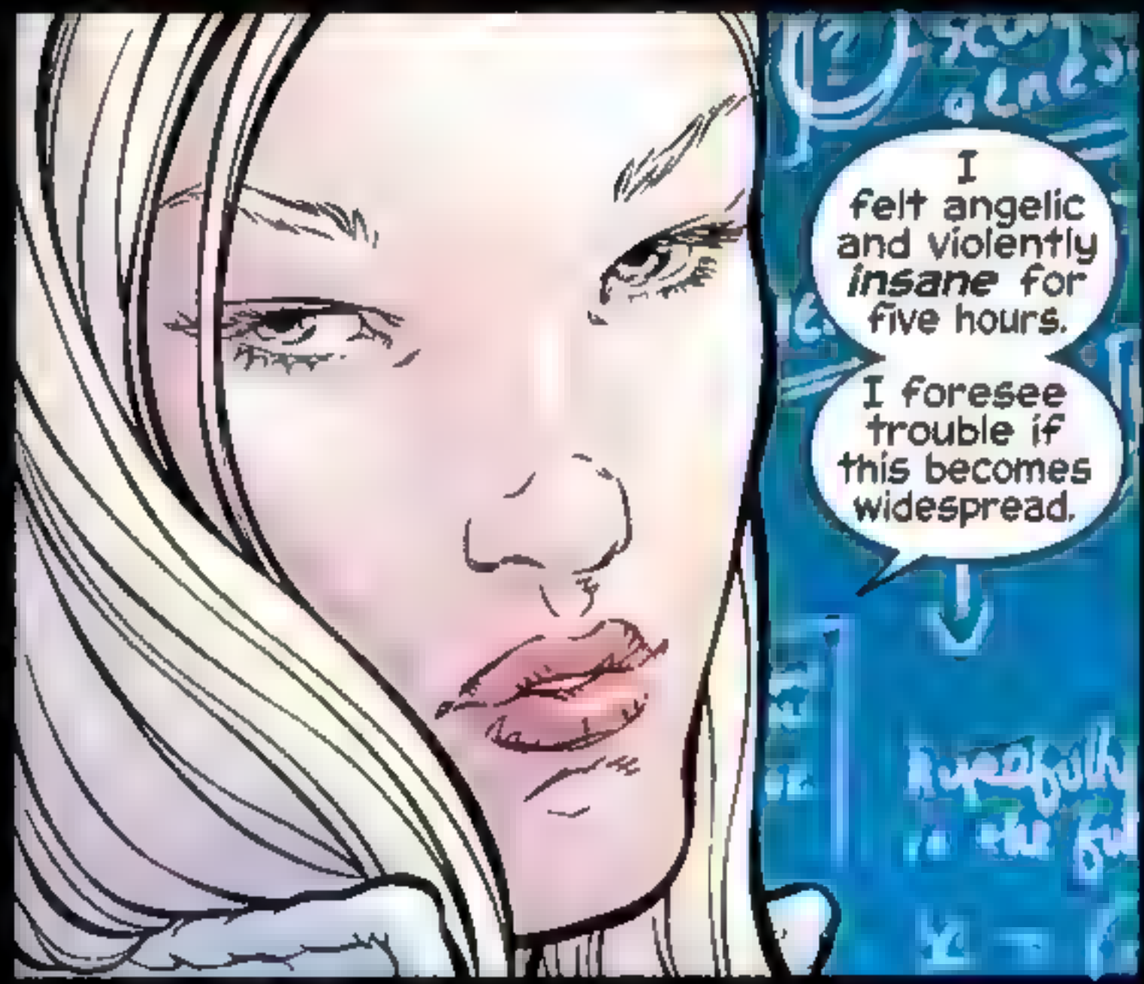

They got *habits,* same as every other beast ever lived.
The kid's feeling raw and vulnerable -- he doesn't know who he *is* anymore, so he's *re-creating* himself, complete with some half-baked *manifesto.*


I think Logan's *right.*
I'll be back from *Hong Kong* as soon as I *can.* Until then, just look after him...
Compassion is all very *well,* but shouldn't we just attribute young Mister Quire's *"re-creation"* to the most *obvious* source?

Hypercortisone D.
They call it *"Kick"*, God bless the little dears.
It makes them feel like movie stars being directed by God, on location in Heaven.


And so far, it's been linked to *six deaths* in the mutant community...
Exactly, Henry.
We found this dispenser outside the *common room* window.
I've *tried* it, of course... in the interest of science.




I felt angelic and violently *insane* for five hours.
I foresee trouble if this becomes widespread.

Mister Xorn!

Can't we go home to the *mansion* now?

Mister *Xorn!*

We have only just gathered our *dead wood,* Ernst.

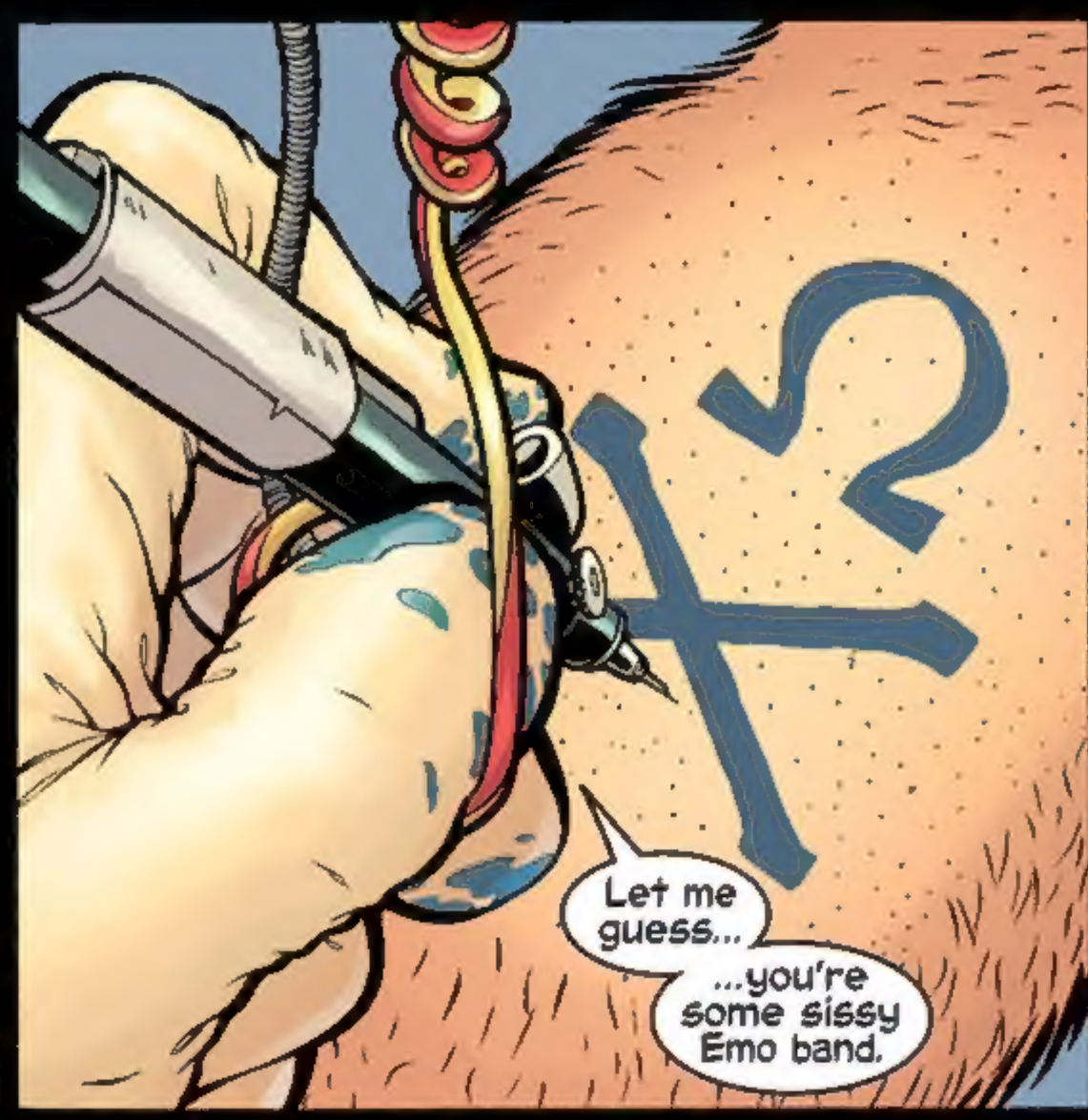
Now step back.

There.

We are the heat and the light in the forest. See?

Without us, this is only a *place.* With us, it becomes an *adventure.*

Mister Xorn... No-Girl says she needs to go into the bushes, so somebody else better keep Dummy moving before she blends in to the environment.
You look like a total serial killer, Mister Xorn.
What crime did you commit to get slung into jail, anyhow?
Crime?
There was no crime.
I became strange and different.
Like you, my difference made me a target of ignorance and fear.
Different.
÷Hyuk÷
You mean like "gay," right?
Well, well...
...look what we got here...
Jack-Ass



You're suburban Neo-Nazis.
Frat boys on dope!
I *told* you this is what we'd look like!
What did I *say?!* We're gonna look like a bunch of *frat boys!*
I'll tell him what we are.

We're the *new* X-Men.
HELL
THE